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LIFE

Cuba Libre.

WHEN we sailed from Tampa Bay,
(Cuba Libre!)

And our ships got under weigh,
(Cuba Libre!)

As we floated down the tide,
Crowding to the steamer's side,
You remember how we cried,
"Cuba Libre!"

When we spied the island shore,
(Cuba Libre!)

Then we shouted loud once more,
"Cuba Libre!"

As we sank Cervera's ships
Where the southern sea-wall dips,
What again was on our lips?
"Cuba Libre!"

These are foreign words, you know—
"Cuba Libre!"—

That we used so long ago;
(Cuba Libre!)

And in all the time between
Such a lot of things we've seen,
We've forgotten what they mean,
"Cuba Libre!"

Let us ask the President,
(Cuba Libre!)

What that bit of Spanish meant,
"Cuba Libre!"

Ask McKinley, Root and Hay
What on earth we meant to say
When we shouted night and day,
"Cuba Libre!"

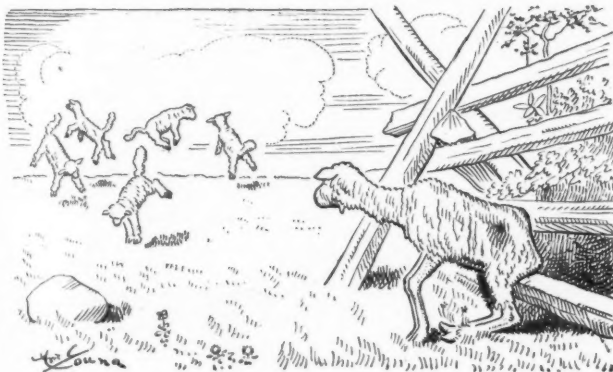
But alas! they will not speak,
(Cuba Libre!)

For their memories are weak,
(Cuba Libre!)

If you have a lexicon,
Borrowed from a Spanish don,
Send it down to Washington,
(Cuba Libre!)



Ernest Crosby.



Grandma Sheep: HOW PERFECTLY SHOCKING! I'M SURE WE NEVER DANCED THAT WAY WHEN I WAS A GIRL.

"HOW LONG MUST I KEEP PRAYING FOR YOU AND PAPA?"

"WHY, I HOPE ALWAYS, WILLIE."

"WELL, I'VE BEEN ASKING GOD TO MAKE YOU MORE INDULGENT,
BUT I DON'T NOTICE ANY CHANGE."

Funstonobia.

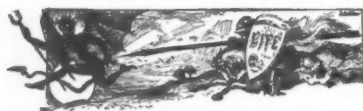
ONE sharp attack of this disease seems to have conquered our President and laid him on his back. Fortunately the disease is not contagious. Should it continue to spread, however, the result would be disastrous. Every detect who hunted down and on ricked his man would be made Commander-in-Chief of

regulars, and there would soon be no privates.

A Way Out.

THE POET: I am afraid I've unwittingly changed my pegasus into a mule, he is so obstinate.

THE POET'S WIFE: Why don't you change him into an ass, and write something for the magazines?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXVII. APRIL 18, 1901. No. 163.
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"OF Funston's qualifications for a Brigadier-Generalship," says a daily paper, "there ought to be no reasonable doubt." Perhaps there is less doubt about it than there is reason for. At any rate he is young enough still to learn whatever he doesn't know. The trouble about the appointment, in so far as there is any trouble, is that there are so many deserving officers who are unquestionably qualified to be brigadiers and who have learned their business by long devotion to a service in which Funston is a new-comer. One hates to see any chance for promotion lost to older men who have earned it. Looking at the case on that side Funston's reward seems too big. But the President had no smaller one handy that was not too small, and, after all, Funston's exploit was hazardous, timely and important.

Perhaps the fact that it was an exploit that is by no means universally admired entitles it to so much the greater reward. At all events the Administration has left no one in doubt as to what it thinks of Funston and his enterprise.

As to the morals and ethics of the means by which Funston did the feat which brought him his promotion, critics who disparage them are not having much success in making out their case. Mark Twain, *custos morum Americanorum*, is still busy in the effort to persuade Dr. Ament that his place is in the pillory, and has not as yet pub-

lished any opinion as to whether Funston's perfidies were warrantable or not. One would like to know how it strikes Brother Mark, but Brother Ament's squirms leave him little leisure. Meanwhile, in the absence of authoritative opinion to the contrary, let us believe, what seems to be true, that General Funston's wiles were only such as gentlemen who do not value their necks are privileged to use in war.



WAR isn't an industry like college athletics, in which how you do it counts more than what you accomplish. It is a serious game, like bridge whist, or railroading, or trust building, which folks play to win. The more one thinks of Funston and his capacities and resources the more thoughtfully one ruminates about the influences of contemporary civilization in Kansas. Funston's way is not at all like the way of Mrs. Carrie Nation. If she had wanted Aguinaldo she would have gone forth with hymns and hatchets and grabbed him noisily out of the bush. What she would have done by violence Funston did by craft. And he had the craft about him. No doubt we are justified in inferring that in a State like Kansas, where the women are obstreperous and masterful, the great principle of the survival of the fittest operates automatically for the development of a capacity for wiles and strategy in man. Men who haven't wit enough to be unexpected on occasion probably can't grow up in Kansas. If not absolutely snuffed out, at least they must be stunted. Aguinaldo was wily. What is more natural than that the American who has shown himself more wily still should have been a native of Kansas. After all, Mrs. Carrie Nation probably represents the real forces that, by developing wiles in Kansas men, led to Aguinaldo's capture. Perhaps, if exact justice were done, it is she that would be a brigadier.



A FORTNIGHT ago there was a big pigeon shoot down on Long Island at which about twenty thousand

birds are said to have been shot. Pigeon shooting of this sort seems very fit to excite disgust. It isn't sportsmanlike. It isn't necessary even to the sport that patronizes it, for clay pigeons are harder to hit than real birds. But what will be thought of a government, or a public conscience, that permits pigeon shooting on Long Island and prohibits cock-fighting in Havana and Manila? Cock-fighting is a thousand times the sportier sport. It costs vastly less in bird life. It is elevating and moral compared with pigeon shooting, and yet we tell the Cubans and the Filipinos that it is naughty in them to fight cocks and we can't permit it, while, here, ten miles from New York, a squad of shooters kill what they can of twenty thousand tame pigeons! We ought to be ashamed. We ought not to have meddled with cock-fighting in Havana anyhow, for it is no affair of ours. But to presume to get the mote out of Tagal and Cuban eyes while such beams obscure our own vision is nauseating.



SPRING at this writing seems irrepressibly due, and will be welcome. So much has been going on in Wall Street the last two months that we have hardly had time to long for soft airs and the sprouting of green things, but now we are ready and would like to loaf a little and invite our souls. Almost everything has been combined that is combinable, and surely there is leisure now for the sun and the rain to get together and put natural crops in the way of doing business. There has been so much sudden and arbitrary increase in values; so much putting of two and two together and calling the result six, or eight, or twenty, that it will be unusually restful and refreshing this year to see Nature at work in her old-fashioned way, bringing forward deliberate crops after due sowing, as she did in our grandfathers' time.

LIFE expects to stick to the old way too. The report that a syndicate has obtained a controlling interest in the stock of this paper, *The Churchman*, the *Medical Record* and the *Financial Gazette* and will combine them, is untrue and is hereby denied.



REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR.—III.

I was then put on sale in a great furniture store and admired by many. One day a beautiful girl, attended by a gallant, came to look at me. I could judge by their glances at each other and their whispered words that they were to be married and wanted me for their home. I looked my best, and was overjoyed when I heard them tell the merchant they would take me.

Fakes.

THE Queen of Fakes
 She made some cakes,
 Upon a winter's day;
 The Knave of Fakes
 Received those cakes
 And ate them right away.
 Then occurred a curious thing—
 'Twas strange they both were
 caught so—
 She made him think the cakes
 were good,
 He made her think he thought
 so! K. M. M. Green.



THE more or less strongly developed vein of snobbishness which runs through human nature should assure a ready sale for *The Private Life of King Edward VII.*, by a member of the Royal Household. The author, who is discreet as well as anonymous, not only tells us what his Majesty likes for breakfast and what he wears in the afternoon, but praises his decorous and platonic admiration for beauty, and mentions his occasional partiality for a quiet rubber of whist. (D. Appleton and Company.)

The third of Harper's American novel series is *Martin Brook*, by Morgan Bates. The scene is the region of the upper Hudson, between 1821 and 1864, and the story deals with the struggles of one of the early advocates of abolition. The character of the hero is well drawn but unattractive, and the book will hardly gain a wide popularity. (Harper and Brothers.)

Mr. Frankfort Moore, who is guilty of *The Jessamy Bride* and *The Conscience of Coralli*, has written quite a readable story in *According to Plato*. It is a satire on modern literary methods and London society, and, while crude in parts, is decidedly clever and amusing as a whole. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

Although ambitious persons, ultimately capable of polished manners and correct social bearing, usually acquire these things by discriminative observation, some of our newly-moneyed fellow-citizens from the West may gain temporary aid by consulting Emily Holt's *Encyclopædia of Etiquette*. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

King's End, by Alice Brown, appeared last year in *Lippincott's Magazine* under the title of *April Showers*. It is a story of rural New Hampshire life and possesses considerable merit. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

Mr. P. W. E. Hart has written what seems to be intended as a take-off on *Sherlock Holmes*, *Monte Cristo* and *His Honor, the Defender*. It is called *The Ludovic Zam Affair*, and is insufferably long-winded and stupid. (The Biblot Brothers.)

Half a dozen rattling good stories collected from *McClure's Magazine* appear in a little book called *The Railroad*. Lovers of short stories will do well to read them. (McClure, Phillips and Company.) J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"*Cœur de Noël*," by L. D. Ventura. (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.)
 "Hamlet," *The E. H. Sothern Acting Version*. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)
 "Best Selections for Reading and Recitation." *Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker*. (The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.)
 "The King of Honey Island," by Maurice Thompson. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)
 "Arrière-Pensées," by William Theodore Peters. (Clarke and Company, Paris, France.)

Apropos of Some of the Recent Book Plays.

MISS MATINÉE: Did you know that Webster's Dictionary is to be dramatized next winter?

MISS CRITIQUE: What an unusual treat. Of course it may prove a bit wordy, but, at least, it will contain plot, action and originality!

Ballade of Hackneyed Rhymes.

LIFE would respectfully call the attention of his readers to the fact that the following rhymes are not acceptable at this office:

— bonnet
 — on it
 — stupid
 — cupid.
 — pine
 — valentine.
 — fair
 — hair.

LIFE, March 14, 1901.

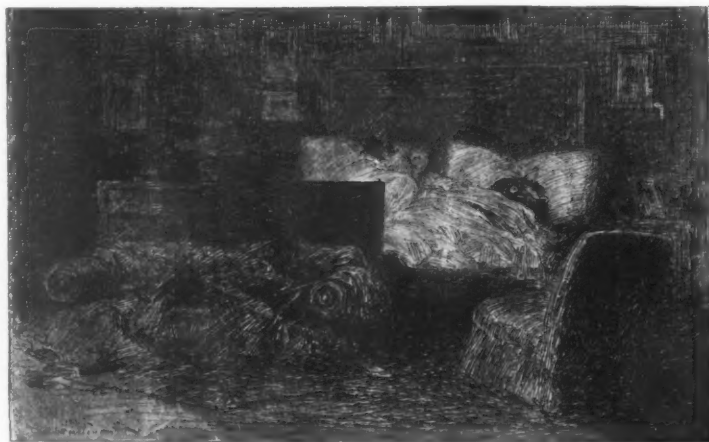
POETS who dally with the muse
 In hackneyed time-worn poesie,
 It is a slender stock you use
 Of rhymes that group by two and three;
 In vain you shake the rhyming tree,
 The boughs are dry and bare and gray.
 Young starving poetasters see
 Old rhymes grow older every day.
 Dobson and Lang their freshness lose,
 And Swinburne, winged like Mercury,
 Plods in the elder poets' shoes.
 The rest trail after slavishly,
 Scribblers confined, like you and me,
 To rhymes as dead as last year's hay
 And impotent as cambric tea.
 Old rhymes grow older every day.

Ear-wounded editors refuse
 Our work and from our jingles flee;
 Though few the rhymes that we may choose,
 That is an unavailing plea:
 How trite the rhymes (like these in "e")
 Strung in monotonous array!
 Yet how shall verse be new and free
 When rhymes grow older every day?

ENVOY.

Prince-Poet, who art yet to be
 In some great epoch far away,
 Thou shalt be harder pressed than we,
 For rhymes grow older every day.

John Albert Macy.



Wife (whispering): WAKE UP, JOHN, THERE ARE BURGLARS DOWNSTAIRS. I HEAR THE RATTLE OF SILVER.
 "THAT'S ALL RIGHT. IT MIGHT BE THE RATTLE OF COAL."



"WHERE IS YOUR BROTHER FIDO NOW?"
 "I THINK HE MUST BE EMPLOYED BY A DETECTIVE AGENCY. HE HAS BEEN FOLLOWING A MAN AROUND TOWN ALL DAY LONG."

An Old Ditty.

SING a song of Funston:
 How his treachery
 Captured Aguinaldo;
 Macabæus by.
 Forgery and lying,
 That's the modern thing;
 Isn't it a dainty dish
 To set before the King?

Life's Short Story Contest.

IN reply to those who have written to enquire as to what sort of short stories would be most acceptable for the contest (a notice in detail of which will be found in the advertising pages), LIFE would say that this matter is left entirely to the judgment of its contributors.

LIFE does not wish to restrict the contestants in any sense, or to point to any particular field as being likely to produce the most favorable results.

Any story is good if interesting and well written.

Above all, brothers and sisters, write something to please yourselves, and it will not be in vain.

PARKE: What do you think of the dishonest trick Funston played on Aguinaldo when he captured him?

LANE: Great! Wasn't it?

"Wasn't it? But all the same, if one of my boys had done a thing like that, I would have whipped him within an inch of his life."



NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKED AT FIRST.

"HOW are you getting on, John?"
 "Beastly bad. It's disgusting how the little beggar keeps it up. He doesn't realize how good I am to 'im, nor all the superior things I represent."
 "Well, it is a good joke on you, John."
 "And how about yourself?"
 "Well, I—I—er—I have about ended it, of course, but it's a dirty job and not in my line."
 "Yes, it is in your line. You are taking your place among the nations

now and becoming a power."

"Becoming a hog, you mean."

"Well, no—not exactly."

"But that's the idea. And then, there's this difference between us: When you do this sort of thing, you sing psalms and talk pious and almost think you are doing decent work. But I know it's a blackguardly, brutal, thieving, cowardly job. I wasn't brought up to it."

"Oh, you are too sensitive, Jonathan."

"Well, I guess that's just the difference."

LIFE'S HALL of FAME



IT is not every Hall of Fame that will admit a real monarch into its sacred cloisters. As a rule, Halls of Fame fight shy of royalty. They go right over the crowned heads, and single out some common son of the people, whose parents had to work for their living, and who has no other claim to lasting respectability and honor than that which he has reared himself. Or even in this respect a Hall of Fame may not be so very particular. A man may have been the son of a farmer, or have drank himself into an early grave, so long as he has done something in his lifetime which posterity loves to reconsider. But monarchs don't, as a rule, come under this head, and are only mentioned afterwards to piece out our notions of history. Not so LIFE'S Hall of Fame, which is so catholic in its design as to sprinkle in among its other members a few kings and queens, if for nothing else than to keep down the tone of the whole assemblage to its proper level.

We trust that these few remarks will not be taken in the nature of an apology for the young monarch whom we have selected for this week's candidacy. We offer no excuses for any of our members. We simply do the best we can with what we have on hand and let it go at that. Of course, other monarchs might have been selected, but this one wanted to get in on the ground floor, and we have granted his request rather than to have any trouble with him. We have been convicted of *désa majesté* so often now that it's tiresome, and so we have just let him in without a murmur. In exchange for this slight favor he has agreed to paint the walls of our Hall with some of his original pictures, but this is on the quiet. We wouldn't have it known, as it might break up the whole show. The examination follows:

EXHIBIT N. WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

- "What is your name?"
 "Willie H."
 "And occupation?"
 "Understudy."
 "Whose?"
 "Jehovah's."
 "Are you busy?"
 "Fairly so. Being the only one of my kind, I have responsibilities."
 "What is your favorite pastime?"

"Collecting indemnities."

"Is this your special privilege?"

"Oh, no. It's a divine right."

"Do you love anybody else beside yourself?"

"Oh, yes. I love my country. It serves as a back-ground."

"What is your opinion of war?"

"That it is justifiable under all circumstances where you are a divine ruler and you can whip the other fellow."

"What is the greatest thing in the world—next to war?"

"Peace—and your enemy's territory."

"That will do, William. You are a worthy member of the clan. Step right in and shake hands with Richard Croker."

A Remarkable Concert.

THE chief interest of a recent concert given by Hermann Hans Wetzler at Mendelssohn Hall, centered in his work as a composer. He is well known as an organist of highest rank, but in his songs he was a revelation. He strikes out upon new paths, and his works show great originality and a distinctive poetic sense. He has a strong faculty for suggesting landscape woods and does not fail to give the characteristic tone to each picture. In the seventeen songs represented on the programme, we found a wide range of expression. We would specially mention "Der Abend," a profound mystical tone-poem; the sweet and bright "German Children Songs"; the heroic and stirring "Bannockburn"; "Killiecrankie," describing an incident after the battle of that name. Last, but not least, "The Joyful Widower," in which the irresistible humor is brought about by the contrast of the cynical words and the symphonic treatment of the music. With such a master-interpreter as Mr. David Bispham, these songs were thoroughly enjoyed by a distinguished and discriminate audience.

Monsecrel.



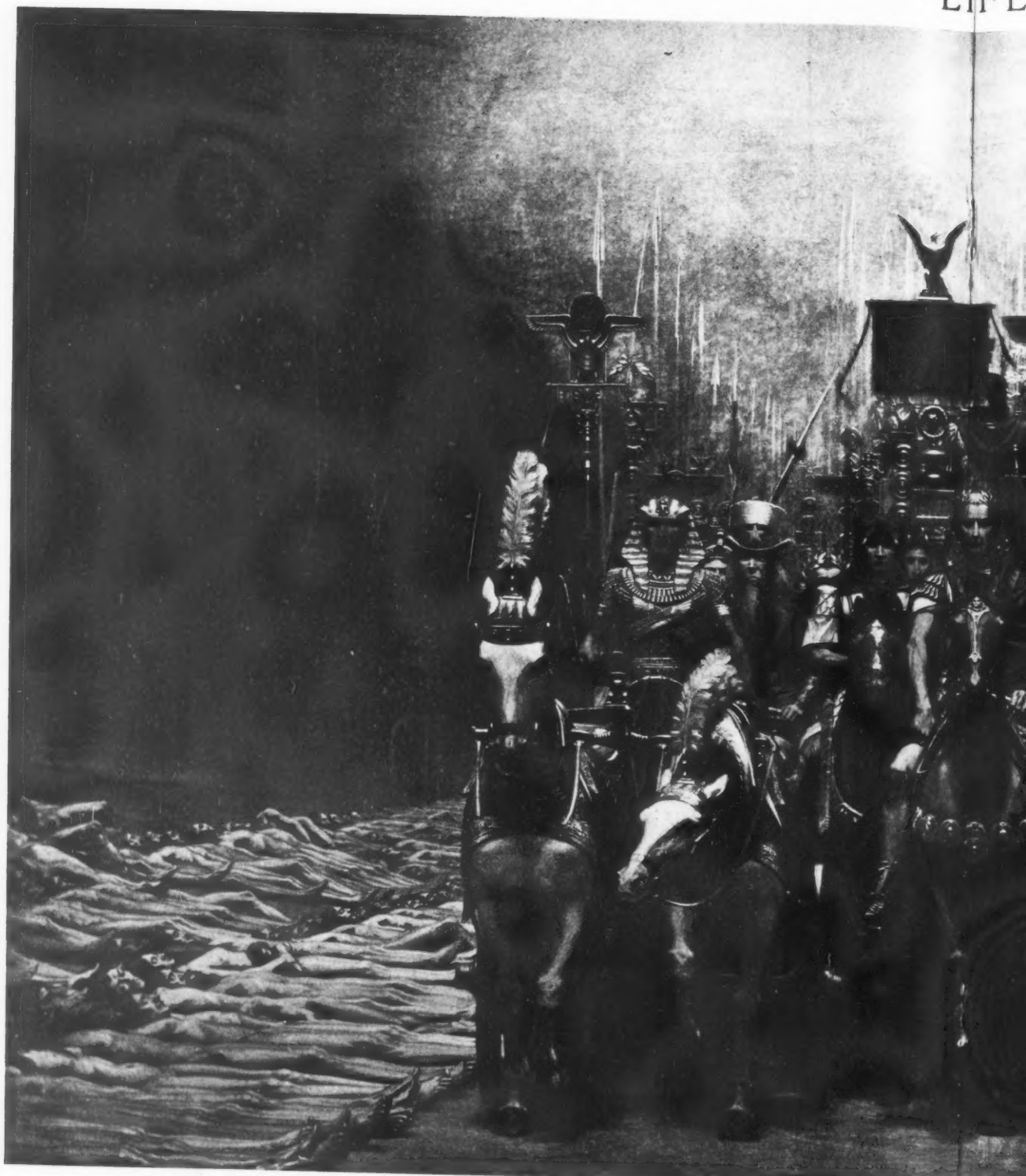
A S.

A SIGN THAT FAILED.



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He: WHY DID YOU LET ME MAKE LOVE TO YOU IF YOU KNEW IT WAS HOPELESS?
"BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS HOPELESS UNTIL AFTER YOU HAD MADE LOVE TO ME."



THE CONQUERORS—UP

With apologies to the

See "The Intruder," Page



QUERORS—UP TO DATE.

apologues to the painter.

the Intruder," Page 330.



A Casino Piece in a Fireproof Theatre.



LIFE has never devoted any space to the plays produced at the Casino because it has not wished to put its readers in the way of a possible panic or fire in that theatre. It is permitted now to see a typical Casino production—"The Casino Girl," at the Knickerbocker—without danger of being crushed to death or grilled alive. To the deeply religious and serious-minded element in the community, "The Casino Girl" is not likely to appeal very strongly. It is lighter than a bag of feathers, and frothier than Coney Island beer. So far as plot is concerned it might quite as well begin with the end of the last act and end with the beginning of the first act. It is neither ennobling nor elevating. The artists engaged in its performance are unknown to fame outside of the Johnny portion of humanity—if Johnnies may be considered human beings. It involves neither the sympathies nor the emotions. It makes no

draft on the intellect and does not quicken the imagination.

But "The Casino Girl" is amusing—simply that and nothing more. Its color, lights, and the beauty of its women dazzle the eye. The nimble feet of its dancers satisfy the sense of rhythm, and its tuneful music pleases the ear without demanding that the auditor shall previously have had a musical education. Its fun is elementary, but so contagious that even a Johnny can catch it.

In this, as in all the Casino pieces, the main attraction is the collection of pretty young women in the chorus and the way in which they are costumed and uncostumed. It is a frankly sensual and sensuous attraction, and consequently the audiences are not made up of philosophers, scientists and mathematicians. The continued vogue of these pieces shows that they please the average New Yorker and, strange as it may seem, considering the nature of the inducement, they appeal almost as strongly to women as to men.

The libretto is attributed to Harry B. Smith who has written some clever light opera books. This one is very commonplace indeed, and whatever fun there is in it is made by the people who interpret it. The music by Mr. Englander is not remarkable for catchiness, originality or technical excellence, but it seems to serve its purpose. Of the people in the cast it may be said that Miss Katie Seymour is a most graceful step-dancer—in fact, her dancing is very well worth seeing—and Mr. James E. Sullivan, except when he imitates the German-American dialect invented by the Rogers Brothers, is that rare bird, a

comedian who is really comic. The chorus girls are very pretty, although none of them possesses beauty of the classic or pensive type. The dramatic ability of the ladies in this company is measured in inches, as applied to symmetry of form and the distance they can kick above their heads.

The box-office price of seats to see this performance is at the customary figure of two dollars. The desirable seats may be had of speculators and at the hotel news-stands for two dollars and a half each. Better entertainments of the same kind may be seen for far less money.



WANTED.—Several persons with originality, imagination, some sense of humor, fair command of the English language, fearlessness of false tradition, a knowledge of the ordinary decencies of life, and an acquaintance with the usual amenities of social intercourse, to write plays. To the right persons a handsome return will be assured for their efforts. Address THE AMERICAN PUBLIC, through any theatre.

THE New York *Sun* has become a humorous publication. Here is a sample joke from its issue of April 7th:

The readers of the *Sun* always get the truth about every play produced on the New York stage.

Metcalfe.



THE DRAMA'S DROWSY CHAMPION.

The Twentieth Century Spring.



NE evening when 'twas very
Near the end of February,
To Father Time Old Winter came and
sighed ;
" I'm nearly over," said he,
" And I hope that Spring is ready."
" I will send for her this minute," Time
replied.

" Bring me Spring !" he then
demanded,
But his warder, empty-handed,
Entered trembling, with a scared and
awe-struck face ;
" This new century," said the
warder,
" Isn't yet in working order,
And I cannot find a Spring about the
place."



" I hope that Spring is ready."

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Broadway.—"The Price of Peace." Elaborately staged melodrama from London, at reasonable prices of admission.

Republic.—Crawford's "In the Palace of the King." Well mounted and moderately interesting.

Garden.—"Under Two Flags." Melodrama at the old high prices.

Daly's.—Musical "San Toy," with Minnie Ashley back in the cast.

Empire.—"Diplomacy," by stock company. Notice later.

Garrick.—Clyde Fitch's bright little comedy, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," with Ethel Barrymore in the leading rôle. Bright and interesting.

Wallack's.—Farce, "Are You a Mason?" Not very remarkable from a literary point of view, but laughable.

Bijou.—Society comedy, "The Climbers." Well done and worth seeing.

Weber and Fields's.—Burlesque at robber prices.

Victoria.—"My Lady." Pretty girls, music and vaudeville. Worth the reasonable price of admission.

Knickerbocker.—"The Casino Girl." See opposite page.

Criterion.—"When Knighthood Was in Flower," with Julia Marlowe's personal attractiveness the greater part of the show.

Academy of Music.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" on a large scale at reasonable prices. Well worth seeing.

Herald Square.—"The Prima Donna." Notice later.

Madison Square.—Willie Collier in "On the Quiet." Very light comedy fairly well acted. Amusing.

"Zounds!" cried Time, "it is no wonder
I am nearly crazy under
The work that this new century must
bring ;
And for half a hundred reasons
I forgot to make the seasons,
But I'll hurry now and improvise a Spring."



"And very latest thing in Springs."

"Bring me sunshine," he directed,
As some choice clouds he selected,
'And a roll of blue sky-paper, if you
please ;

Bring some grass that's young and
tender,
Dewdrops of a sparkling splendor,
And half-a-dozen different kinds of breeze.

"Bring me pitter-patter showers,
And some timid, early flowers—
A few in bloom, but most of them in bud ;
Bring me birds that warble gladly,
And some dust that whirls up madly,
And don't forget to bring a little mud."

Then Old Time, the clever artist,
Went to work and made the smartest,
The prettiest, and very latest thing
In Springs. She was exquisite!
Then for her maiden visit
He sent to Earth the Twentieth Century
Spring.

Carolyn Wells.

The Intruder.

AYE, they were men of might and mighty deeds—
 Thothmes, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne,
 Genghis, and Timur, and the Corsican—
 Still when one reads

How they swept up the heights of glory
 It makes a palpitating story—
 But mortal gory!

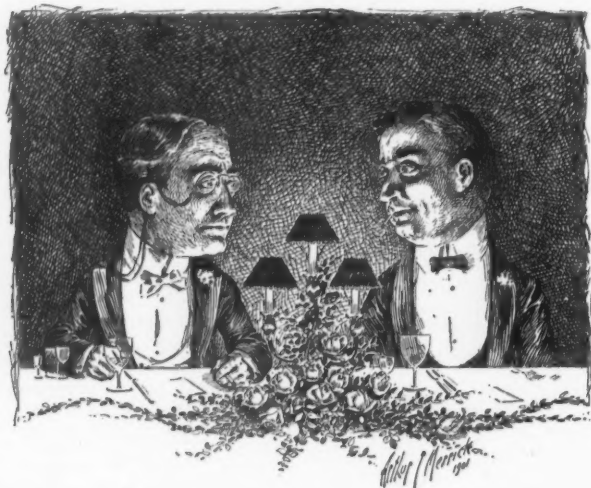
But you, but *you*, our own, our Uncle Sammy—
 Why, damme!

What do *you* there, 'twixt rows of corpses clammy?
 What queer, preposterous gait is this you're striking?
 That crew—Lord save us!—is it to your liking?

Come off! Come out, old man! You've missed your steer.
 (My! but you do look queer!)

You're not a part of that old tale. The sequel
 Is what you're in, where men "born free and equal"
 Are meat no more for conquest, but with rights
 Unvexed, strive on according to their lights.

MISS AGNES REPPLIER, in her remarks before a recent meeting of the American Anti-Vivisection Society, said: "I was struck some time ago, in reading a book of Champfleury's, by a remark of Mme. de Custine, which he quotes with approval. 'The dog,' she says, 'is condemned to love us.' It is a pitiful fate, because we do not deserve his love, but he can not escape his bonds. Nature has planted in his heart a sentiment which survives all ill-treatment. Thank Heaven! I pin my affections on the free and independent cat, which has a long and sad record of suffering at our hands, but who scorns to give us any love or loyalty in return. The dog, we say, is our friend. He might pray, with the cynic, to be delivered from friendship."



"SOME IDIOTS GOT ME TO OFFER TO DELIVER MY STEREOPTICON LECTURE BEFORE THE WILLIAM GROPER SCHOOL, AND IT TURNED OUT TO BE A SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND."

"THAT'S NOTHING. A MEANER TRICK WAS PLAYED ON ME WHEN I WAS INDUCED TO DELIVER MY HUMOROUS LECTURE TO THE ROUND TABLE CLUB, AND IT PROVED TO BE A BRITISH-AMERICAN ORGANIZATION."



"I TELL YOU, OLD CHAP, IF A FELLER WANTS TO HAVE A BANG-UP TIME AND



GO ON A REGULAR TEAR,

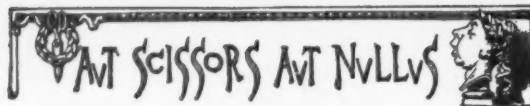


NEW YORK'S THE PLACE."



EVILS OF ECONOMY.

"OVERDID? I SUPPOSE SO. I WAS SAVING UP FOR MY SPRING CLOTHES, AND I MADE SIX FAR-APART CALLS YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AND WENT ON FOOT TO SAVE CAB HIRE, AND NOW I SPOIL IT ALL BY HAVING A DOCTOR, AND I SHAN'T HAVE ANYTHING FIT TO WEAR."



WHO'LL FORGET?

Who, in the soggy, blooded fens
Of Africa, midst lions' dens,
Fights, with a heart as stout as oak,
With scorn of proffered British yoke?

Lest you forget—
De Wet!

Who, with no fear, no pause for breath,
No cry for help, no dread of death,
Stands lone, but eager for the fray,
By light of stars or heat of day?

Lest you forget—
De Wet!

Who, cornered at the last dank ditch,
Is fighting like a wounded bitch
For whelps that cannot know her love,
But fighting for that same to prove?

Lest you forget—
De Wet!

And who'll forget? They'll not forget
My Ladysmith's long, hungry sweat,
Or Mafeking's despondent days,
Or Spion Kop with shots ablaze—

They'll not forget,
You bet!

— John A. Moroso, in *New York Sun*.

THE Argonaut does not wish to be irreverent, and it trusts that it will not shock any loyal Englishman, but we cannot conceal our belief that the pageantry and ceremonies over the accession of Edward the Seventh are deliciously, uproariously, and excruciatingly funny. It is the greatest

joke of the century—which, it is true, is only two months old. How any person with a sense of humor can look at the London pictorials without laughing, we do not understand. To see pictures of a short fat man, with a protruding abdomen, waddling beneath enormous royal robes; to see him seated in an elaborately carved mediæval chair, with his abdomen reposing on his knees; to see this short fat person covered with jewels, hung with orders, blazing with diamonds, be-wrapped with ermine, and begirt with gold; to see around him tall thin men in petticoats, short fat men in bath-gowns, bald-headed, solemn men in wrappers, bewigged and be-peruked funny little men in tea gowns, bearing Caps of Maintenance, Imperial Crowns, Royal Rods, and Court Keys to Back Stairs; to see the foolish face of the Marquis of Winchester in mediæval garb, with a modern monocle stuck into his starboard eye, carrying on a tea-tray a tinsel crown; to see this amusing me fley, looking something like the jacks of clubs and spades, and something like a cheap masquerade; to reflect that these men are of the same blood as we are, and that this is the twentieth century; to believe that they believe that the short fat man is their ruler because of the accident of birth—to contemplate this amazing spectacle is too much for one's gravity. When we remarked, on the death of Queen Victoria, that monarchical ideas had received a shock, one of our readers took a column to convince us we were wrong. All the same, we remain unconvinced. If this solemn mummy is one of the great jokes of this century, it will not be one of the jokes of the next.

—San Francisco Argonaut.

CERTAIN of the theatres in Russia are under the control of the state, and the actors are therefore subject to government control. A famous dancer at one of these theatres desired to secure a month's leave of absence in order to re-

cover her health by a tour of the provinces. She accordingly went to the government official to obtain the usual permission. He received her politely, and asked for her written application.

"I have no written application," was the answer. "I had no idea such a thing was necessary."

"Not necessary, madam?" replied the official. "Why, nothing can be done without it!"

"What am I to do, then?"

"Here are pens and papers. Be so good as to sit down and write what I dictate."

She sat down, and the petition was written, signed and folded.

"And now," said the representative of the state, "you have only to deliver it."

"To whom?" she asked.

"To whom?" repeated the official, with a smile at her simplicity. "To me, of course."

Then, taking the petition which he himself had dictated, he produced his spectacles, wiped them, and carefully adjusting them upon his nose, read over the whole document as if he had never seen it before, filed it in due form, and then, turning to the impatient danseuse, said, with the utmost gravity:

"Madam, I have read your petition, and regret exceedingly that I cannot grant it."—*Family Herald*.

HENRY JAMES was once praising the work of a fellow-author.

"You are very kind to him," said some one present, "for he says very unpleasant things about your work."

"Ah," said Mr. James, "but, then, both of us may be wrong!"—*Argonaut*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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A night cap of
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**Myles
Standish
Ginger Ale**

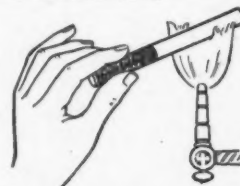
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AN OLD LIMERICK

In answer to our inquiry, a correspondent guarantees the Limerick to have flourished, at any rate in the reign of William IV. This is one of several he remembers as current at his public school in 1834:

There was a young man at St. Kitts
Who was very much troubled with fits;
The eclipse of the moon
Threw him into a swoon,
When he tumbled and broke into bits.

— London Globe.

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL.

The Vartray Water Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., is to be congratulated on having been awarded the gold medal, the only and highest award, for its now famous product, Vartray Ginger Ale, at the Paris Exposition of 1900, thus proving that this American product is superior to the imported. The competition was open to the world, and the exhibitors numbered 611, including the manufacturers of Belfast, Ire.

EMBASSADOR CHOATE is fond of telling of how the late William M. Everts replied to an impossible toast at a Harvard dinner which he (Choate) presided over. Instead of asking the men who were down for speeches to respond to the regulation toasts, Mr. Choate read off a question to each from one of the college examination papers, and then called up his victim. The query which fell to Mr. Everts was this:

"Why is it that the stomach, which continually digests food, is never itself digested?"

Everts, in response, said:

"I have attended a good many Harvard dinners before this, and long ago, as a result of my experience with them, before setting out from New York to attend one of these feasts, I always divest myself of the coats of my stomach and hang them up in my wardrobe." — Argonaut.

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Bachelor, husband or widower, all find telephone service useful at all hours of the day. None who values comfort, neatness and despatch can afford to be without it. Rates in Manhattan from \$5 a month. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St.

In Julian Ralph's latest book, "An American with Lord Roberts," is told the story of a "refugee," who returned to Kimberley after the siege.

"Well," he said, "you had a tough time here in Kimberley?"

"Yes, we had an awful time," replied his friend, "especially after the hundred-pound shells began flying about."

"Well," was the reply, "we had a terrible time in Cape Town also. We didn't have no bomb shells, but we cooking at de hotels was fearful." — Exchange.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

ARTHUR SIMMONS, the venerable negro attendant at the White House, was dozing in his chair the other day, when an usher rushed upstairs and said:

"Man down here wants to see Mr. Cortelyou."

"Can't see him," replied Arthur, with dignity.

"But this man says he's got to see him."

"Don't care nothin' about that," said Arthur, preparing to resume his doze; "nobody can see Secretary Cortelyou; he's gone into his sanctum sanitarium." — Argonaut.

IT IS SPARKLING,

It is pure, it is effervescence, Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. Taste delicious. Bouquet excellent.

"THEN what is your reason for marrying her?"

"I have no reason. I'm in love." — Philadelphia Times.

"WHAT's all that crowd of women over there at Bergen's?"

"Shoppers who read Bergen's 'ad.'"

"But that's an unusually large crowd for so early in the morning."

"I know, but the 'ad.' said: 'Come early and avoid the crowd.'" — Exchange.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

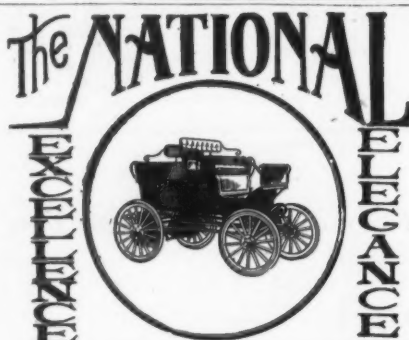


"A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge or vicar;
So fill a cheerful glass
And let good humor pass."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
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ISRAEL IN EGYPT

Isaac Solomons, Senr. (surveying desert): VELL, I DON'T VONDER OUR ANTHESTORS WANTED TO GET OUT OF DITH PLATH! NOTTING BUT SAND—SAND—SAND!

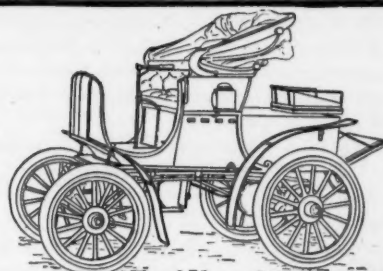
Isaac Solomons, Jun.: NO CHANCE, WAS DER, PA, FOR ANYONE BUT A GROCER?
— Moonshine.

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LIFE will pay *Two Hundred Dollars* for the best short story received in this office before August 1st, 1901, *One Hundred Dollars* for the second best, and *Fifty Dollars* for the third best. The Editor of LIFE reserves the privilege of purchasing all other stories accepted at the rate of two cents a word.

CONDITIONS :

Each and every manuscript should be addressed to "The Short Story Editor of LIFE," 19 and 21 West 31st Street, New York.

The Editor of LIFE is to be the sole judge.

All manuscripts must be typewritten, with the name of the author and number of words written plainly on title page.

No story containing more than 2,500 words or less than 1,000 words will be considered.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Those unaccompanied by postage will be held one month from close of contest, and if then uncalled for, will be destroyed. The contest begins at once.

The stories will be read as they are received, and those unavailable will be returned promptly.

The contest will close on August 1st, 1901. No manuscripts received after that date will be considered.

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THE

GAME

IN



WALL

STREET



WALL STREET, THURSDAY, APRIL 11.

THAT couplet of our youth:

What goes up must come down,
On the heads or on the ground.

Came very near being vividly illustrated in the stock market Monday. The break which some observers have predicted with every fresh advance of prices seemed to be at hand. For a little while early in the afternoon there was panic in the air, but before the close matters righted themselves and with the sound of the closing gong every one gave a sigh of relief.

THE quickness with which the market rallied and in the face of a bad bank statement is good evidence that conditions are based very little on merely speculative sentiment. The fenness of the stocks that were shaken out Monday on declines which in some cases reached more than five points goes to show that the feeling of confidence is not a theory, but a belief, and that holders have the strength of their convictions.

TODAY Mr. J. P. Morgan arrives in London, and news of what he is doing is awaited on this side with much interest. He has his finger in so many large financial pies that his movements are more important than those of any crowned head in the world.

AS the creator of the "community of interest" idea Mr. Morgan has become a new Frankenstein in the world of money. The being he created was regarded as a perfect one at first, but as we become more familiar with it the question arises whether this creature may not have some flaws that make it dangerous to the community. In the case of the Steel companies, successful combination has unquestionably averted for the present and made impossible in the future a most disastrous and, in its results, far-reaching industrial war. In that particular Mr. Morgan's idea of combination was an unmitigated blessing.

BUT there is growing belief that it is not going to be so altogether lovely as applied to the railroad situation. The Burlington-Great Northern-Erie combination, which at present writing is taken to be an accomplished fact, leaves the St. Paul interest out in the cold so far as a supply of trans-

continental business is concerned. The St. Paul is too powerful an organization to sit quietly by and permit itself to be frozen out of an important part of its earnings. While crops are good and its local business taxes its facilities, the new order of things may be all right. But let a season of bad crops and business inactivity come along and with not business enough to go around we may see St. Paul and other roads similarly situated cutting up some very nasty capers in the way of competition. In fact, the prevalent suggestion that St. Paul is already contemplating an extension to the Pacific is a straw showing which way the wind of the future may blow.

ST. PAUL stockholders may properly think their directors were a little bit stiff-necked in their refusal to consider the price Mr. Morgan is said to have offered to bring their road into the combination. The book value of St. Paul in flush times and getting its full share of all the business going, is a different matter from the prospective value of the road acting by itself as a local concern outside of the great combination controlling through traffic between the extreme East and West and North and South, and in many places competing with it in its local trade.

BUT Mr. Morgan has a pretty comprehensive vision, and this detail of the present and future situation has probably not escaped the notice of himself and his associates. Later on the St. Paul directors may take a revised view of the circumstances, and as Mr. Morgan has heretofore shown a disposition to be generous rather than vindictive in bringing about his deals, St. Paul stockholders may be happy yet.

TODAY'S closing price of Burlington shows that if the rate of exchange in the new combination is to be \$22,000 of 3½ per cent. bonds for each ten thousand dollars of stock the bonds are expected to sell at about 86. Back of them will be the security of the road itself (subject to its existing bonds) and the guarantee of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific corporations. Eighty-six does not seem an exorbitant figure for such a bond, considering that it would net 4 per cent. interest and that the Northern Pacific general lien threes are selling at 72 and N. Y. C. Lake Shore collateral three and a half are station-

ary at 97. The new bond should be about midway between these two, so if the Burlington deal goes through on the 220 basis, 190 is not an exorbitant price for the present stock.

JOHN W. GATES and his following of grafters are said to have obtained control of Colorado Fuel & Iron, which is pleasant news for the minority stockholders and will conduce to their slumbering in peace. Some persons profess to believe that Mr. Gates is acting for the United States Steel corporation in making the purchase, but the less confiding are of opinion that in this property he will have a very convenient sandbag with which to attack the stocks of the big concern when he gets ready to speculate in its securities.

THE Rumor Foundry's output this week wasn't up to the average. Its principal story was that the Goulds had bought Wheeling & Lake Erie, which to-day meets prompt denial by persons in interest. The story was based on the theory that this road would be used as a link in the Missouri Pacific system's outlet to the seaboard, but with the Wash-Grand Trunk traffic arrangement in effect for a term of years to come it would seem that one of the Buffalo-New York roads was the natural outlet for the Gould system.

CROP prospects indicate another good year's business for the grain roads, and the only red flag in sight is the firmness of rates for money. High money does not always mean a cessation of speculation, but its appearance is usually a reliable danger sign.

WHEN the news reached the Street that the Teutonic with Mr. Morgan on board had encountered heavy weather a broker was heard to remark that there was no ground for alarm, for if Mr. Morgan could float the Steel Trust he wouldn't have any trouble floating the Teutonic.

THE biggest advance seen lately was on a sale of Morton Trust Company stock at an advance of 200 per cent over the latest previous sale something less than a week ago.

THERE seems to be a watermelon concealed in old reliable Nor-west. A net advance of something like 27 points in two days on sales of 1,700 shares indicates an increase of dividend on the common 7 per cent. and perhaps an addition to the preferred's regular dividend.

A. Lamb.

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